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LEVIATTES

Selected Poems and Favorite
Recitations.

BY

JOHN JACK CRAWFORD

OF THE "SCOTT."

The Devil has sport
With the long faced sort,
And HAVES like a motherless calf;
And the Devil will beat
Hesey repeat.
When you open your face and laugh.

LEWIS & CLARK,
PUBLISHERS,
SOUTH BEND, IOWA.



YR. ABLE. 207
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Am. S. 76 v. 7, p. 21

A STARTER.

For several years, often without the least provocation, I have been in the habit of reciting my poems and singing my songs whenever I could corral a squad of friends and my old comrades yet possessing vitality enough to survive the affliction. So far I have escaped with my life, and with but few bruises, for which I am truly grateful to the kind providence which has stood by me.

Often after reciting some of the crude offspring of my somewhat erratic brain, I have been besieged by comrades and friends who desired to secure copies of them, and on innumerable occasions I have been urged to group them together in a little book, so that all might secure them. Yielding to these many importunities, and since my first book is out of print, I have selected a few that I regard as the best of my poems and songs, and I now send them forth under the title "Lariettes," with a brief sketch by John G. Scorer. If I can Lariette your affections for this little volume, is it possible you may wish to secure an autograph copy of my forthcoming book which will be elegantly bound and profusely illustrated, "Dot Leedle Cripple Boy," alone, having five excellent pictures by a well known artist. Should you desire a copy with autograph send me your name. The price will be \$1.25 or \$1.50.

Yours In Clouds or Sunshine,

"CAPT. JACK" CRAWFORD.

Press Club, N. Y.

DEAR READER--JUST ANOTHER WORD

As was stated on the foregoing page, and which my first and last book are full out of praise, thanks, and of people, mostly young people, have asked me where they could secure copies of books which they have heard me read, and as I have written hundreds of copies, or dictated them to friends, I finally consented to allow my friend WILLIAM A. BELL, to put these poems and stories together in his own way, in order that those who desire them do could secure a copy at a reasonable price. As my duties have prevented me from giving this my personal attention, I would simply ask the critics to spare the author and the printer; for this is just a makeshift, and yet it is a wealth of soul and sunshine herein which will make it a forget its crudeness.

Yours in thanks for its shine,

WILLIAM A. BELL.

A UNIQUE CHARACTER OF VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 1: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 2: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 3: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 4: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 5: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 6: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 7: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 8: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 9: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 10: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 11: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER 12: THE VERPLAN LITERATURE

of books as the modern policeman knows of the majesty of the law.

While lying upon a cot of pain in the Saterlee hospital at Philadelphia, one of the attending Sisters of Charity learned of his illiteracy and asked him if he would not like to learn to read and write. He grasped at this proffered key to the door of knowledge with an earnestness which startled the black-robed sister, and in an hour she was seated by his cot patiently pointing out to him the different formations of the letters of the alphabet. He proved an apt scholar, and in a very short time after taking his initial lesson, he was able to "print" with a pencil and make some very commendable efforts at spelling some of the simpler words. While lying upon his cot he wrote the first letter of his life, a printed epistle to his mother, and although he began it "Deer Mother" and closed with "Yure wounded Sun," it is safe to assume that no mother ever more highly prized a missive from her soldier boy than did Mrs. Crawford that crude, uncouth, misspelled letter which came from the field of war to her cottage home amid Pennsylvania's coal-bowelled hills. He soon learned to read, and when able to again join his regiment at the front astonished his father, a soldier of the same company, by reading to him a letter received from his mother on the day he left the hospital.

Shortly after the close of the war, young Crawford sought for a more stirring life than a dull eastern village could afford, by going to the far western frontier. And here, in this connection, is a bit of information which I believe has never before appeared in print. He was one of the first party of seven intrepid men to enter the Black Hills country in defiance of the lurking red men and the warnings of the

military authorities. While Custer City was being built, the Indians became unpleasantly aggressive, and a company, known as "the Black Hills Rangers," was formed to scout the surrounding country and protect the workmen from attack by meeting and beating back advancing bands of savages. At the organization of the company, Crawford was unanimously elected its captain, and, with the well-known antipathy felt by frontiersmen toward family names, he was known throughout the hills as he has since become known all over the land as "Captain Jack." That appellation, fastened to him by his dashing comrades of the Rangers, will stick to him through life, and if his present advancement can be taken as an evidence of his future triumphs in the fields of literature and oratory, the name will live long after his body has crumbled into dust. -

The story of his great work as a scout and as chief of scouts for the armies of the frontier in desperate and exciting Indian campaigns has been rehearsed in the public prints again and again. His admirable record in that perilous calling stands resplendent on the pages of the history of Indian campaigning in the West. The excellent credentials he bears from military commanders establish the fact that he stands second to no man since the days of Kit Carson in intelligent guiding, fearless scouting and deeds of personal daring in the field of Indian warfare. Go through the military posts of the far West and ask the older soldiers of him, and the utterances of the superior officers will be fully corroborated. Talk to the old-time frontiersmen who toiled and battled with the advance in the great march of progress and civilization, and they will bear willing and earnest testimony to his gallant services in the trying days

when almost every bush concealed a painted foeman, and danger lurked behind almost every rock near the trail. Draw the distinguished scout himself into conversation regarding the days when the savage Indians pursued the shaggy buffalo over the ground now brought to fruitfulness by the gleaming plow of the farmer, and in unguarded moments (for modesty is a marked trait of his character) he will let fall hints of daring deeds, of desperate adventure, which leads the listener to eagerly long for a feast of recital of which he has given but a taste. He will with fervid eloquence relate the daring deeds of comrade scouts, will depict in glowing word pictures the gallantry of officers and enlisted men in desperate situations, but when his own acts in such warlike affairs are touched upon he modestly belittles them or becomes as dumb as the proverbial oyster.

"If all this be true," you ask, "why is it that while the praises of a few other scouts have for years been sung all over the land, Crawford was but seldom heard of until brought into prominence by his eloquence, his literary work and his wonderful powers of entertainment?"

The question is easily answered. Its solution lies in the sense of modesty referred to above. While a very few other scouts and a large number of "fakirs" who never saw a day's Indian service courted the novelist and the untruthful sensational correspondent, Crawford combated them and bitterly denounced their gross exaggerations and untruthful pictures of frontier life and character. While other border characters have been known to pay handsome sums of money to these vultures which hover over the field of literature to make them the heroes of mythical adventures and hold

them up to public view as dashing, fearless men who laughed at peril and who on the least provocation slaughtered Indians with ruthless hand, Crawford warned the conscienceless warts on the face of journalism or the vipers who scattered their venom to the youth of the land through the pages of the flash novel that should any of them use his name in their unnatural and untruthful stories, he would call them to account in a most vigorous manner. By this conscientious course he gained the warmest commendation of the officers of the army, and of all the truth-loving men of the West. Subsequently when other scouts and would-be scouts sought to bolster up the questionable fame given them by the writers of fiction by posing as dashing Indian slayers and cut-throats in the arena of the wild west show or on the stage in the vile blood-and-thunder border drama, Crawford quietly and modestly worked his way to the front in the higher field of literature and platform entertainment. And note the result. The better classes of people have become sickened of men who call attention to their prowess by the wild whoop of defiance and the crack of the blank cartridge charged six-shooter until one of these buckskinned fronds on the streets of a city now attracts less attention from the general public than a slant-eyed Chinaman. The so-called cowboys in the wild west show and in the wild west adjunct to the circus and the bogus scouts who figure in the same ridiculous imitations of western scenes draw less pay than the "nigger singers" who appear in the concert which follows the big show, and work chiefly for the false standing as heroes which they attain in the eyes of the inexperienced village youth and the more ignorant servant girls of the larger cities. Like

Othello, they will soon be out of a job, for the attractiveness of the wild west extravaganza is waning, and has become uninteresting if not obnoxious to the better classes of people all over the land.

On the other hand, Jack Crawford is but entering the precincts of public admiration. As the fading star of the over-drawn bloody side of border life pales and sinks into obscurity, his sun is rising and shedding the light of truth upon the habits and customs of the great west land which he loves so well, and blotting from the minds of the people of the East the false impressions planted there by the howling terrors of the show arena. While the delineators of impossible and improbable scenes of border life now cater only to depraved tastes and are not recognized save by the lower strata of society, Captain Crawford is held in esteem by the brightest minds of the age, his friendship is prized by artists, authors and refined people generally, and he has entree into social circles which must remain forever barred to those whose reputations have been made by the fiction writer, and who aspire only to be looked upon as men who love blood and warfare. His words regarding the border land bear the golden stamp of truth, and the people believe them. They banish from their minds the false, blood-bespattered pictures planted there by the wild west showman and sigh with relief as they do so, and welcome, with unbounded satisfaction, the pictures of the romantic, beautiful West as depicted by this true scout and borderman. When the transitory fame of the score of buckskinned characters now before the public has faded into nothingness and their names are recalled with feelings akin to disgust, the name and fame of this true son of the border, this

scout-author, frontier orator and gallant soldier, will be held in esteem in the great East as it is now honored and beloved in his own West.

And now I come to the great work referred to in the opening lines of this article. During his long experience in the West, Captain Crawford has seen painful evidences of the results of dime novel reading on the part of the young boys of America. In western jails and penitentiaries, in the shams of western cities, in western hotels and restaurants, washing dishes for their food, and in a few instances on beds of death in western hospitals he has met with poor, unfortunate, deluded boys and young men led thither in search of adventure through reading the debasing border literature with which the land is flooded. On his eastern visits, scarcely a day passes without some novel-crazed youth seeking him out to ask his advice as to which portion of the West offers the most fruitful field for heroic adventure, and as to the proper outfit which one should secure who purposes to go into the hero business. On such occasions, no matter how busy he may be, and he is a very busy man, he lays all else aside and delivers the deluded youth a lecture which shatters his idols and sends him away frightened at his near approach to the precipice of ruin and degradation. At his many public entertainments he devotes a portion of his time to a talk to boys on this line, and at the close fathers and mothers crowd forward to take him by the hand and thank him for opening the eyes of their children to the baneful results of reading that class of literature. But recently he was sent by a lyceum bureau to give an entertainment in one of Chicago's most prominent clubs. There were many boys in the audience, and he painted the evils of

The following extracts from recent testimonials will show that Mr. Scorer's predictions regarding the "Poet Scout", are coming true. He is recognized to-day, as one of the greatest Lyceum and Chautauqua attractions in America, while in the sunny South, he is rated only second to Governor Bob Taylor. He appeared on the same platform, week of May 4th this year, at Hawkinsville, Georgia, Chautauqua with Bob Taylor, Sam Jones and Tom Watson; and after acting as substitute for Georgia's favorite son and famous orator, General John B. Gordon, at Albany, Georgia, April 28th last. The mayor of Albany and Superintendent of the chautauqua wrote to Captain Jack's manager:—"I wish to thank you for having suggested and supplied Captain Jack Crawford as a substitute for General Gordon. They differ from each other only as stars differ in glory. As an entertainer "Captain Jack" is a "sui generis," and altogether unique and I commend him to any who wish strength combined with gentleness, poetry with eloquence, and the truly artistic in a picturesque setting."

Governor Terrell, who with his staff sat on the platform, wrote on the same day:—"Having to-day heard Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, lecture before the chautauqua assembly, I voluntarily bear testimony to the picturesqueness of his personality, the earnestness and eloquence of his address and the fine moral tone of all he said. His patriotic sentiments and fraternal devotion to the future unity of heart and a purpose in our native land deserve to be heard and applauded by men and women of all politics, religions and national ambitions of the best character."

And from a member of the Governor's staff:—"On behalf of scores of the leading gentlemen composing the staff of the Governor of Georgia, including lawyers, bankers, journalists and publicists, I certify that Capt. Jack Crawford's lecture at Albany Chautauqua to-day was one of the most

unique, pathetic and patriotic addresses they have ever enjoyed. We earnestly commend him to the confidence and cordial hearing of our fellow citizens throughout the Union." - REV. SAM W. SMALL, Evangelist and Lecturer, Lieu. and Aid-de-camp of the Governor of Georgia.

And just as we are going to press comes this letter from the Ottawa Chautauqua assembly:—"I want to take this method of letting you know how I appreciate you and your work. Your entertainment at our assembly was unique, strong and elevating. None drew a larger crowd nor called forth so many hearty commendations. You are a whole first class show all by yourself. Your address last Sunday afternoon in the country was thoroughly enjoyed, and of very great profit to the people. God bless Captain Jack. Come again You are doing great good. Yours faithfully,—C. S. NUSBAUM, Secretary."

And from the Topeka Capital of July 14th:—"The credit of drawing the largest crowd in attendance at the Assembly belongs to the 'Poet Scout' and he entertained his hearers most excellently."

"The entertainment given by Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, in the G. A. R. Opera House, Shamokin, Pa., was unique in manner, intensely interesting in manner, and wholesome in tone and moral effect. Captain Crawford proved himself a master of an art, with no superiors and few equals. The facts and incidents which make 'The Virginian' one of the most popular and widely read books of recent issue, will make Mr. Crawford one of the most popular and most sought after entertainers on the platform of to-day. He has the advantage of this comparison, however, in that he is not a fictitious character, but one of the most unique and interesting personalities to be met anywhere. In addition to these interesting settings, the moral tone and elevating character of his entertainments are much higher and more clearly defined and applied than can be said of the popular book referred to."

"Captain Crawford is a practical champion of total abstinence and pure literature. He has a mission and a message both of which are most worthily filled and conscientiously spoken."

JAS D. GILLAND,
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Shamokin, Pa., Sept. 1, 1903.

THE REAL WILD WEST.

The true boy, and nearly every true girl, has a period in life of wishing to get away from civilization and strike out in an independent existence. It is a perfectly natural and healthy wish; but like all of the best impulses of life, it has to be tempered with judgment and guided by experience. To boys this wild longing generally takes the form of a desire to get out on the plains, to seek the frontiers of civilization, and carve out fame and fortune from the conditions supposed to prevail there. Yellow-covered fiction and the sensational nickel literature of the day have pictured the possibilities of frontier life in glowing colors. They are probably responsible for the ruin of many a life that might have been saved to society but for their baleful influence upon the young imagination. The dime novel and the nickel story paper do not tell the truth about the "Wild West." The boy who pins his faith to them makes a mistake.

There is one man today who knows all about frontier life. He is trying to make people in the East understand something of its realities. Capt. Jack Crawford went out to the frontier when a young man. He had no money, he had no friends who had any influence. His sole available moral asset was a promise which he had made to his mother that he would never drink a drop of intoxicating liquor so long as he lived. "Captain Jack," as he is nearly always called, believes that this promise has been the basis of all the success that he has ever had in life. He has kept the promise faithfully. He has lived in Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming and all through the cattle country in the West through its very wildest period. From 1879-1885 he was Chief of Scouts during the Indian campaigns. He was with General Hatch, Buell, Lawton, Miles and Chaffee, and he was afterwards appointed Post Trader by Robert Lincoln, who was then Secretary of War. He has acted, too, as Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff through different parts of the great Western territory, and in all the years of roughing it in the wilds he has never tasted any kind of intoxicating liquors, and kept his promise to a dear mother, which is the search-light of the world, for any boy who loves his

A VISIT TO GENERAL CHAFFEE.

It was a busy time for the new commandant of the Department of the East. He had scarcely "found himself" as yet. Mrs. Chaffee was indisposed. Routine military matters must be attended to, and with natural responsiveness to social amenities, it seemed like an intrusion to plan a peaceful invasion.

But several gray haired veterans recognized the "Poet Scout" and the news of his presence quickly spread around the tight little isle. "Say, Bill, yonder goes th' chap that trailed that old Apache devil Victoria clear into Old Mexico," cried one. "Yep, that's Captain Jack Crawford. Bet he's goin, t' see th' old man."

"Well, I want to be on hand when the General meets him. They're two of a kind."

None could have a keener appreciation of both men than these few remaining comrades who had participated in the never to be forgotten Indian campaigns on the plains or the scorching alkali deserts and the rugged canyons further north, or their newer messmates who had been with Chaffee at Caney, Manila and Pekin. Several had ugly scars as permanent mementos or still carried bullets as concrete reminiscences of frontier warfare in which "Captain Jack" had figured conspicuously.

After the General and the Captain had concluded their scene these "vets" clamored for a barrack talk with the "Poet Scout," whom all, down to the merest "rookie," evidently held in high esteem. Some of them had attended army reunions and post camp fires where Crawford had evoked ringing laughter with his droll stories and shed a few tears with vivid rehearsals of running fights with the redskins and midnight burial parties and starvation days when hope and ammunition both ran low.

PAST SEEMED LIKE A DREAM.

Chaffee had stuck to the army and step by step had risen higher and higher, always idolized by his men, like that other commander of the Indian outbreaks, the brave and tender Lawton. Chaffee's memory, like his service record, was unbroken. With his first glance at the "Poet Scout" a flood of recollections welled up. Instead of the green lawns, wind swept of snow, there seemed to stretch before his eyes a wilderness of alkali and sage-brush. The big sky-scrapers athwart the northern sky seemed to melt into shadowy outlines of frontier forts and huddled plainmen's huts. Crawford was again chief of scouts for the United States Army in the Southwest in the campaign of 1880 and 1881, and he, Chaffee, was a captain in the Sixth cavalry, unwearied by harassing attacks and trying forays for grub and water in the Arizona deserts.

Even General Custer's heroic stand in the Yellowstone, when the famous Seventh cavalry was carved to mincemeat, seemed but yesterday. The slightly raucous tones of Crawford's voice recalled him to the present.

RED VS. BROWN SKINNED FOES.

"Couldn't beat these Apaches for treachery and cunning, now could you, General, even with your brown Tagalogs, Igorroti or Mindanao devils? Why, you remember that time after more than five hundred men, women and children had been massacred along the Rio Grande and in the mountains of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas? Wasn't it like hunting a million wasps at once?"

"Tell you what General, it does me good to see you so straight and natural looking all these years after those forced marches in that infernal sun, those Eastern horses shipped out to us a dropping like flees and whole squads a toiling along on foot through that heavy, blistering sand."

"And you've been through the paddy rice fields along the Pang River and floundering through the mud of Chinese roads, and yet you're looking tip top and hearty as a drum major."

"Oh, it's when the heart gets old that we get out of step, Jack. Do you remember when the Apaches were down in old Mexico that General George Buell, commanding the department, detailed you to get a line on the redskins and you finally located them in the Canaleria Mountains and then rode sixty miles to El Paso to telegraph the news to headquarters?"

Indeed, he did. Then began a terrible march under a blinding sun to capture the marauders. Some fifteen hundred men, with 47 wagons, 2 water tanks and a solitary ambulance made up the avenging force. Jack Crawford rode at their head. It was then the acquaintance of these two men began. There was a reward of \$2,000 for the capture of Victoria, the Apache chief, dead or alive, and \$500 for each copper hued warrior.

Just when victory seemed won at last the Mexicans, who had invited the co-operation of the Americans, forbade their further advance southward, and: themselves surrounding the squaws and the old men, killed Chief Victoria with the rest. Among those who escaped was a young warrior, Geronimo, who joined the Apaches in Arizona, became their chief and spread terror throughout the Southwest far more thoroughly than Victoria had ever done. Once more a renewal of the tireless chase that ended only when Miles and Lawton forced him to bay, and Lieutenant Gatewood had the honor of personally capturing Geronimo.—NEW YORK HERALD.

THE POET SCOUT

NOT A SIN TO LIE THAT WAY

The old ones now will often sit, and tell their loving wives
 Of many stirring incidents that crossed their soldier lives—
 The marches, camps and sieges, the battles hard they fought,
 And how they stood bravely amid the storms of shot;
 But raids on chicken and hickories they'll swear they never made,
 Nor ever helped assassinate a dog in Southern glade;
 Nor ever cheat the Sufferer when they drew their monthly pay—
 They seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll talk of great privations they were called on to endure,
 And how they'd laugh at hardships which their "kicking" couldn't cure—
 The beating rains, the driving snows, and many a dire distress
 They will relate in sentences of growing vividness,
 They'll say, with justification, how they shirked,
 And how the army, led by the "bosses" successfully they worked;
 They'll brag of big game and traps, but were always prompt, they'll
 Say,
 And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll talk of how from blanket beds their truant thoughts
 Would come
 Of the loved, lost, loyal girls they left in distant home,
 And how their faithful hearts would throb with rapture at the
 Thought
 Of the girls they had met when the battles all were fought,
 How often they had seen one sweet on some fair Southern girl,
 How often they had seen him, and his lip will scornful curl;
 How often they had seen him, and he was loyal every day,
 And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

When they are seized by someone as memory takes them back,
 Of the old ones, when the rations would get slack,
 And how they'd see the boys they'd feed, so desperate did they
 Say,
 And how they'd see the boys they'd feed in chase of Southern foe,
 And how they'd see the boys they'd feed they'll tell of many a raid
 On the big plantations made;
 And how they'd see the boys they'd feed which at their own doors didn't lay—
 And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY'S LETTER

Soon after General Grant landed in San Francisco, on his tour around the world, Lincoln Post Office No. 32 presented the "Color Guard," a military drama, in which Captain Jack Crawford played the leading role, a Tennessee soldier, supported by T. W. Keene and the California Theatre Company. During the performance Captain Jack recited the "Mountain Boy's Letter," amid great enthusiasm. It was highly appreciated by the general, who, being "corralled," as Jack expresses it, by "big bugs" and Sunday soldiers, could not reach his logs.

Who followed Lincoln Post Office

And galloped general's compliments.

The poem was telegraphed across the continent, and appeared in Grant's "Tour of the World," published in Chicago, and with the exception of Bret Harte's "The Soldier's Boy" is the only poem ever wired from ocean to ocean.—*Wm. L. Fischer, in Denver Tribune*

DEAR GENERAL,

I don't no general's compliments

An' I never done nothin' to bang.

Cept this—I was one of the color

As fought for our Sam'l payed 't' bang.

An' to-day, while yer praised by scholars

An' big bugs as make a great noise

Why, I thought it the right thing to write yer

An' clip in a word for our boys

Cos, yer see, we ain't got no quarrel

Nor the larmin' to 's'p'ly no right;

But ye'll find soldiers as are mighty ble

Our boys are gittin' on the right

As for you, if they didn't come at you,

You'd shake comrade's hands that ever seed

An' that's what I'm glad to tell ye

We'll jest take the day will find the deed

But y're back on the front of all nations

War proud as the day of yore,

An' I reckon, blessed you of them,

Ye wor proud of our comrades in arms.

For you, we are sure, of all others,

Remembered our comrades in arms

Who follor'd you in the war

And gallantly on the front

So, welcome, a thousand times welcome

Our land is glad to let you

Our people give thanks for your service

Your comrades are happy to fight

We know you are, we're glad to see you

But seein' as you're a general

You'll Grant us one glad to see you

In reading, it takes on the form

THE POET SCOUT





I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps.
 'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
 But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
 As he takes his dose, and thanks the Lorl it isn't any wuss.
 There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck.
 Yer can't correct the trouble more'n you can drown a duck.
 Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
 That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellowman with trouble's flag unfurled,
 An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world.
 Go up an' slap him on the back an' holler "how d' you do?"
 And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
 Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
 And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
 Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
 That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a bash of pleasure and of pain.
 Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
 And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
 We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
 So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
 Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours.
 But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud
 That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

WAVE 2000-2001

Do I like the smell? Smellin' good, 'cause I'm a good
'Tisn't likely when I'm in the room, 'cause I'm a good
Git accustome to the smell, 'cause I'm a good
Everybody in the room, 'cause I'm a good
All arushin' in the room, 'cause I'm a good
Jes' as if their soul is in the room, 'cause I'm a good

Like it
'Mid the
In the
Who

Nothin' but the
That you see
Not a tree, not a
Nothin' but the
Ev'n the trees
Faces rise

Like it
'Mid the
In the
Who

Roarin' rail,
Everybody in the
Cars an' cars an'
There's a
Factories, an'
Auctioneers

Like it
'Mid the
In the
Who

Que's in the
Brooks filled in
Deer in the
Not a
Brooks in the
In their

Like it
'Mid the
In the
Who

THE POET SCOUT

AT THE MISSION DOOR

A little newsboy, weeping, stood
 Outside the Waif's Retreat;
 A shaggy dog, his only friend,
 Was crouching at his feet
 With attitude of perfect trust,
 And tender, lovelit eye.
 I saw the boy bend over him
 With tear-wet cheek and sigh.

I asked him why those bitter tears:
 He turned away his head,
 And answered: "Dere's me only frien'
 Since dad and mam' is dead.
 An' dose folks in de Mission say
 Dat Tip—he can't come in;
 Dat lovin' of a dog like dis
 Ain't notin' but a sin

"Well, boss, I don't know notin' much
 But say, when mudder died
 Tip foun' me at her grave at night,
 An' laid down by me side;
 An' when I cried dere all alone
 His head was on me knee,
 An' sometin' in his eyes jes' said
 He'd be a frien' to me."

"Now, boss, you look into dem eyes
 An' say if he can't speak.
 I tells yer, Tip's a gentleman
 If he ain't nice and sleek.
 He don't snap like no low-down cur.
 His ways is high an' fine;
 An' when I tink how good he is
 I'm mighty proud he's mine."

Tip seemed to feel his master's praise,
 He looked so very wise,
 As though some sad, imprisoned soul
 Were shining through his eyes.
 I took the boy's brown hand in mine
 And wiped his tears away;
 I told him that no nobler friend
 Had man on earth to-day.

Both boy and dog crept to my heart,
 And they have now become
 The sunshine on my cheerless hearth,
 The blessings of my home.
 And all that I shall ask of Him,
 Who keeps the heavenly log—
 May I be worthy that boy's love.
 The friendship of his dog.

—Success.

WHO THE HEROES WERE

You "never was scared in battle?" Here.
 Old comrade, don't make a break like that!
 The man don't live who was free from fear
 When the vicious bullets began to spat;
 And the cannons belched from their iron throats
 The deafening notes of the song of war
 The frightful, terrible thundering notes
 That caused the eternal earth to jar.

I've heard men say they were just as cool
 In the heat of battle as they would be
 In a quiet seat in a Sabbath school,
 But they couldn't find a believer in me.
 I never flinched, never shirked a call,
 But several times in the war swept South.
 If I'd been shot through the heart, the ball
 Would have had to hit me square in the mouth!

It's the silliest sort of talk we hear—
 And hear from soldiers of solid worth
 That they stood in the front and felt no fear
 When the rumbling of battle convulsed the earth.
 I hold that our bravest men were those
 Who felt alarm at the cannons roar,
 Yet never rearward turned their toes,
 But stood like men till the fight was o'er.

KIT CARSON.

Adios, Comrades.

Adios, dear old hero, in peace may you slumber,
 Adown near the banks of the old Rio Grande;
 We think of your daring with awe and with wonder,
 As near to your tomb now uncovered we stand.

A rude, simple tablet, a plain slab of marble,
 Is all that your comrades have placed o'er your grave.
 Sleep on, loyal heart, while the wild song-birds warble
 An anthem of praise to thy deeds of the brave.

The veil of the future your brave soul has riven,
 To drink in the sweetest, celestial joys;
 In advance you have taken the trail up to heaven
 To locate a camp for the rest of the boys.

THE POET SCOUT

THE WELCOME HOME

Home again! Each stalwart comrade
Breathes his honest welcome back.
"Dog my cats, we's glad to see you,
Laws-ee! Whar ye bin to, Jack?
Why, old pard, we've been a thinkin',
Somehow, we had lost yer ha'r,
An' you bet yer life, we missed ye
At our meetin's over thar."

Not one buckskin boy among them—
Not a man in all that throng—
But was glad to gaze upon me,
I had been away so long.
How my heart, with fond emotion,
Beat that night at Modie's store.
When the boys, with pure devotion,
Gathered round their chief once more!

There was Bob and Jule and Franklin,
Bill and California Joe—
Every man an Indian fighter,
Knowing all a scout should know.
But my songs and news had won them,
And amid their merry shouts,
In the Buffalo Chip entrenchments,
I was hailed their chief of scouts.

Whether in the years succeeding
I deserved the name or not,
By one pioneers and miners
I shall never be forgot.
Never did the wily redskin
Find me napping by the way,
And I tried to do my duty
In the camp or in the fray.

ONLY A MINER KILLED.

While in Virginia City, in 1877, a wagon passed up Main street, with a soiled canvas thrown over it. Some curbstone brokers rushed out to investigate, and when they returned were asked what was the matter. "O", replied one, "It's only a miner killed." Old Commodore Vanderbilt died on the same day and the papers were full of accounts concerning this multi-millionaire. A paragraph in the Virginia City Chronicle, referring to the above incident, suggested the following verses

Only a miner killed - oh! is that all?

One of the timbers caved, great was the fall,
Crushing another one shaped like his God.

Only a miner laid under the sod

Only a miner killed, just one more dead.

Who will provide for them - who earn their bread? --
Wife and the little ones - pity them, God.

Their earthly father is under the sod

Only a miner killed, dead on the spot

Poor hearts are breaking in yonder lone cot.
He died at his post, a hero as brave

As any who sleeps in a marble top grave

Only a miner killed! God, if thou wilt,

Just introduce him to Vanderbilt.

Who, with his millions, if he is there,

Can't buy one interest - even one share

Only a miner, bury him quick;

Just write his name on a piece of a stick.

Though humble and plain be the poor miner's grave

Beyond, all are equal, the master and slave.

THE POET SCOUT

THE BURIAL OF WILD BILL.

(To Charley Litter—Colorado Charley)

Under the sod in the prairie-land
 We have laid him down to rest.
 With many a tear from the sad, rough
 throng.

And the friends he loved the best;
 And many a heartfelt sigh was heard
 As over the earth we trod,
 And many an eye was filled with tears
 As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie-land
 We've laid the good and the true—
 An honest heart and a noble scout
 Has bade us a last adieu.
 No more his silvery laugh will ring,
 His spirit has gone to God;
 Around his faults let Charity cling
 While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the land of gold
 We have laid the fearless Bill;
We called him Wild, yet a little child
Could bend his iron will.
 With generous heart he freely gave
 To the poorly clad, unshod—
 Think of it, pards—of his noble traits—
 While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch
 You have laid his last remains;
 No more his manly form will hail
 The red man on the plains.
 And, Charley, may Heaven bless you!
 You gave him a "bully good send;"
 Bill was a friend to you, pard,
 And you were his last, best friend.

You buried him 'neath the old pine tree,
 In that little world of ours,
 His trusty rifle by his side—
 His grave all strewn with flowers;
 His manly form in sweet repose,
 That lovely silken hair—
 I tell you, pard, it was a sight,
 That face so white and fair!

And while he sleeps beneath the sod
 His murderer goes free,*
 Released by a perjured, gaming set,
 Who'd murder you and me
 Whose coward hearts dare never meet
 A brave man on the square;
 Well, pard, they'll find a warmer clime
 Than they ever found out here.

Hell is full of just such men;
 And if Bill is above to-day,
 The Almighty will have enough to do
 To keep him from going away—
 That is, from making a little scout
 To the murderers' home below;
 And if old Peter will let him out,
 He can even the ranch, I know

Fried and a case by a lot of petty lumbders,
 but afterwards arrested at Leamie City, and
 taken to Yankton, Dakota, tried and hanged

AN EPITAPH ON WILD BILL.

This moving epitaph on "Bill Hickock,"
 "Wild Bill," was written while sitting on his grave
 near Englewood, on the tenth of September, 1876.

Sleep on, brave heart, in peaceful slumber,
 Bravest Scout in all the West;
 Lightning eyes and voice of thunder,
 Closed and hushed in quiet rest.
 Peace and rest at last is given;
 May we meet again in Heaven.
 Rest in peace.

THE POET SCOUT

BURN'S ANNIVERSARY.

Virginia City, Nov. 1877

TO YE SONS O' CALEDONIA

Awa', ye brawny sons o' Scotland!
 Up the banks and doon the braes,
 Through the Hielands o' Nevada,
 Sing yo'r songs o' ither days;
 Yet it's no rich gowrey's valley,
 Nor the Forth's dear sunny side;
 Nor the wild and mossy monutain,
 Fether of the placid Clyde

Yet jist for the while imagine
 Ye are back on Scotia's shore,
 'Mong the braes and grouse and heather
 Where the Highland waters roar;
 'Mong the groves o' sweetest myrtle,
 Or perhaps aside the Doon,
 Thinking o' young Bobbie's courtship
 By the light o' bonnie moon.

Noble, brave, unselfish poet!
 Dina forget him mid yo'r joys;
 Fill and drink to him a bumper--
 He was nature's bard, my boys,
 One o' Scotland's noblest freemen,
 Spurning lords and lairds and crown!
 Here's to Scotia's bard and poet--
 Bobbie Burns--boys, drink her down.

Up in Heaven wi' Highland Mary,
 Burns now sings a sweeter song,
 He is wearing brighter laurels
 Than the men who did him wrong.
 "Scots wha hae," me thinks I hear it--
 "Bonnie Doon," ah! how sublime;
 At yo'r picnic drink this bumper;
 "Bobbie Burns and Auld Lang Syne!"

"GOD BLESS YE, GENER'L CUSTER."

"By gosh, I ar' as hungry
 As a prairie wolf, you bet!
 An', pards, I won't forget ye.
 An' am mighty glad we met.
 Yer see, I've been ter prospec',
 An' I lost my latitud'.
 Laws'ee; but I war hungry,
 Them beans war mighty good.

"I've see'd that face afore, pards—
 Can't say as how I know,
 My eyes ain't wot they us' ter war
 'Bont fifteen year ago.
 But, dog my cats, I'll swar it,
 Let's take a closer sight—
 Blest if it arn't the Gener'l!
 I know I must be right."

And then a pearly tear-drop
 Stood in the old man's eye.
 "Yer know I've pray'd ter see him
 Jist once afore I'd die;
 He saved my wife and baby
 Ween the reds began to muster."
 With outstretched hand he, sobbing, said:
 "God bless ye, Gener'l Custer!"

"I reckon ye don't remember
 Old Bill as run the mail
 From Sidney up to Red Cloud,
 When ye war on the trail:
 An' how that frosty mornin'
 Yer saved my Tommy's life.
 An' took a heap o' chances—
 She told me—Jane, my wife.

"I warn't thar to thank yer
 When I heerd the story through,
 'Cause that wor all I had ter give.
 An' all as I could do;
 An' Gener'l, if yer wants me,
 'Tain't much as I kin do,
 But, dog my cats, I'm ready
 To trump death's ace for you!"

Written under a "no" order, dated 1850, under 1876.

Mother's prayers! Ah! sacred memory,
 I can hear her sweet voice now,
 As, upon her death-bed lying,
 With her hand upon my brow,
 Calling on a Savior's blessing,
 Ere she climbed the Golden Stairs.
 There's a sting in all transgressing,
 When I think of mother's prayers.

And I made her one dear promise—
 To thank the Lord, I've kept it, too:
 Yes, I promised God and mother
 To the Pledge I would be true.
 Though a hundred times the tempter
 Every day throws out his snares,
 I can boldly answer, "No, sir!"
 When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story
 Why my boyhood's days were sad,
 Is there not some boy before me
 Who will make a mother glad?
 Swell her heart with fond emotion.
 Drive away life's bitter cares,
 Sign and keep the pledge for mother—
 Heed, oh, heed her earnest prayers!

Oh, my brother, do not drink it.
 Think of all your mother said:
 While upon her death-bed lying—
 Or perhaps she is not dead;
 Don't you kill her, then, I pray you.
 She has quite enough of cares:
 Sign the pledge, and God will help you
 If you'll think of mother's prayers.

THE POET SCOUT

THE OLD FORTY-EIGHTH

OF A FIRST REUNION AND CAMPFIRE

Published at the time in the Miner's Journal, and
respectfully dedicated to surviving comrades.

With love which time can never change,
We grasp each other's hands;
We think of battles fought and won,
Of Burnside's stern commands;
Bright memories of the hallowed past
Are stealing through our souls,
While thinking of our noble dead
Now mustered from our rolls.

At times our hearts would almost bleed,
And angels seemed to frown;
But God was on the ramparts, boys,
While the mortars tumbled down;
And though at times a boy was hit
With a fragment of a shell,
We stood it—did we not, comrades?
In the ramparts of Fort Hell.

And when we went on picket,
With our blankets on our arm,
And each a stick of wood, comrades,
To try and keep us warm;
How oft we thought of homes,
Of friends and parents, too,
And lovely little Schuylkill girls,
Who'd die for me and you!

And often when we shouted
To Johnny Reb's, and said
To throw us some tobacco,
And we would throw them bread,
How quickly they responded!
And the plugs came thick and fast,
And we shared them with each other—
And shared them to the last.

But though they gave tobacco,
And though we gave them bread,
Between the lines we soon must see
The dying and the dead!

And though her strength was gone,
Who would dare charge them, boys,
If not on for weight?

THE POET SCOUT

Are left sort o' useless, here below,
 In the land that loved our general so.
 Well, pard, it war God as took him away—
 He musters the Blue an' he musters the Gray.
 An' I reckon he needed that warrior grim
 To serve with Lee on the staff with Him—
 An', comrades, who knows, in that better land,
 But God may give each his old command?

LAUGH

Don't frown, don't growl, look pleasant;
 Just coil your lariat,
 And on the slope of Joy and Hope
 Ride upward, and forget
 Those little cares and worries,
 The tailings and the chaff;
 Join in the race, just change your face
 And laugh.

Astride my wild Pegasus
 I ride out every day;
 I fling my rope on every hope,
 Corral each tiny ray
 And every glint of sunshine;
 E'en when I rope a calf
 I must reveal the joy I feel—
 And laugh.

Just think of all the shut-ins'
 Who pass long weary hours
 In painful way, while you may stray
 In sunshine, 'mid the flowers.
 Don't pass them by, take pity—
 Your joys were only half
 If in your cheer, you taught no tear
 To laugh.

THE POET SCOUT

With soldiers, my friends, it is not so:
 They respect each other, the Gray and the Blue,
 Nor are they ashamed that the world shall know
 How they stood by their colors, brave men and true.

"Was Jackson ashamed when he knelt to pray
 For the cause he thought before Heaven was just,
 While marching his half starved boys in Gray
 On an ear of corn and a single crust?
 Was Lee ashamed when he tendered his sword
 To Grant, who refused the warrior's steel?
 Who said: "Your horses shall be restored,
 For braver never wore spurs to his heel!"

"Oh! generous hearts in the Golden State,
 You are forging the links of a Union chain,
 That cables one end at the Golden Gate,
 That will circle the States to the Gulf-swept main—
 A chain that will bind us, the Blue and the Gray,
 In a union of purpose the gods will approve,
 In love that grows strong in adversity's day,
 And hearts that will stand by the flag we love

"The past—it is dead! But we cannot forget it
 And, comrades ye wouldn't forget if we could;
 As for myself, I shall never regret it.
 This poor little service I render for food,
 His loved ones will not be distressed nor discarded;
 And to-night, I am proud of a share in the stock,
 And shall feel, as a soldier, I'm fully rewarded
 By one little prayer from his innocent flock.

"One little prayer from the loved ones we foster,
 His latest bequest to his comrades in peace,
 As the pale hand of death wrote his name on the roster,
 And the angel on guard gave his spirit release.
 Oh, comrades, let charity's mantle enfold them,
 Old Abe had no malice, no hate in his soul;
 On the ramparts above may we hope to behold them,
 While Washington musters each name on the roll."

THE STONE ISLAND

Dedicated to MOTHER

© 1995 by THE GUY

Hold out! Hold out!
A-brin' down!
Why do I see
An' why do I see
An' why do I see
When y' n' see
Some heart, some heart
An' I'll see, I'll see

Away back home
The news, the news
That set me on
I had train, I had train
The great
An' train, an' train
An' a train
Flight be a

And! be a
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
When old, when old
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
With the heart, with the heart

I'll never, I'll never
After, after
The heart, the heart
For the heart, for the heart
I'll, I'll
An' gather, an' gather
A seed, a seed
But you, but you

The eye, the eye
An' told, an' told
An' thought, an' thought
An' thought, an' thought
She told, she told
An' to, an' to
An' if, an' if
She'd go to her, she'd go to her

And! be a
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
When old, when old
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
An' did, an' did
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She'd go to her, she'd go to her

THE POET SCOUT

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsylvania's sod;
 An' on the field of Antietam Charley's spirit went back to God;
 An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one starlit night
 Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilderness fight.
 The lightnin' struck our family tree, an' stripped it of every limb,
 A-leavin' only this bare old trunk, a-standin' alone an' grim.
 My boy, that's why your grandmama, when you kneel to the God you love,
 Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear-drops in her eyes;
 That's why you sometimes catch her a-tryin' to hide her sigh;
 That's why at our great reunions she looks so solemn and sad;
 That's why her heart seems a-bruadin' when the boys are jolly and glad;
 That's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom overhead,
 Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures laid out on the bed;
 That's why the old-time brightness will light up her face no more,
 Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the veterans true,
 With not one star a-missin' from that azure field of blue;
 An' the boys, who on field of battle had stood the fiery test,
 Formed posts of the Great Army in the North, South, East an' West.
 Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty is the motto which they train—
 Their object to cure for the people's sin an' furnish sorrow an' pain
 From the homes of the widows an' orphans of the boys who have gone before
 To answer their name at roll-call in God's Grand Army Corps.

An' that's why we wear these emblems on our bosoms an' our star,
 Worn only by vet-ran heroes who've fought in that bloody war;
 An' that's why my old eyes gl'ssen with talkin' about the day,
 An' that's why I tell my grandmama "I'm goin' to post to-night";
 An' that's why I tell you grandmama "I'm going to post to-night"—
 For there's where I'll see 'em all a-begs who save us when we're in the fight,
 And, my child, that's why I've taught you to love an' revere these men
 Who come here a-wearin' badges, to fight their battles again.

For they are gallant heroes who stand 'mid shot an' shell,
 An' follered those flyin' colors right into the mouth o' hell;
 They are the men whose valor saved this land from disgrace an' shame,
 An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the dome o' fame;
 An' as long as you live, my darling, let your lips in death be mute,
 When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your hat an' salute;
 An' if any ol' vet should halt you, an' question why you do,
 Just tell him you've got a right to, for your granddad's a comrade, too.

THE POET SCOUT

TO MISS HELEN GOULD

And yet before my eyes had closed
 That night when thus I bared my soul.
 And ere my wandering senses dozed,
 I felt the tepid tear-drops roll
 Adown my cheeks, because I knew
 That I was but a wayward stray,
 Heart sore, because I could not do—
 Yet hoping that I could some day.

And wisely thus the Master ruled
 Between us bits of mortal clay:
 He gave to you, sweet Helen Gould,
 The will, and with it seemed to stay
 The blighting hand. Ah, God is good:
 I caught a glimpse of Heaven's scroll
 The night I wrote "If I But Could."
 And joy bucked in my broncho soul.

My wild Pegasus broken in,
 Mid scenes of bitterness and woe,
 Was lean and lank, was starved and thin,
 But blood was blue and all aglow
 With God's aristocratic fire
 The only aristocracy
 The kind true, noble men desire,
 The only emblem of the free.

Inspired by such a thought, I dare
 Assert that I am rich in deed,
 Nor would I change rich millionaire
 Whose God is Gold, whose soul is greed;
 'D rather have a Mother's smile
 Than winning, ruin'd Plutarch's enchre
 That robs the man who knows no guile,
 And murders innocence for lucre.

But few the years to come and go,
 And you and I will sleep apart:
 I, where the thorny cacti grow,
 You, where the flowers will crown your heart:
 Loved ones will deck your sacred tomb,
 And thank the Christ, the master who
 Sent such a woman flower to bloom,
 With wealth of love and gold to do.

the time t the time t appears

(c) $\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial v^i} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x^i}$. These lines we

THE POET SCOUT



WILLIAM CRAWFORD BELL

Born May 25, 1880, Crawford Bell, Iowa, was
named after the poet Scout and his
youngest daughter, May.

TO MAY CRAWFORD BELL.

Dear May, with the New Year's gladness,
Comes a voice on the gentle swell
Of the moaning breeze
Through the leafless trees.
From a dear, sweet prairie Bell.
'Tis a voice with the old time music
That echoes a glad refrain,
Bringing "love from Dad,"
And it makes me glad
We are chums and pals again.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Quoted for the New York Clipper.

"I never order, 'til I'm 'nuffin' down, you've done enough to-night,
 I never shed no oil upon my eyes to work by candlelight.
 When I was a child, as that was some thirty years ago,
 When in the old good olden time I first became your beau,
 You and your people were a rural to the time,
 'Twas the good old times, 'twas like a rural of sinners climb
 The young 'n' old, 'twas as though it held the crowds that forward went
 To seek a better life, and not to find their sins lament.

"I never order, 'til I'm 'nuffin' down, you've done enough to-night,
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 The young 'n' old, 'twas as though it held the crowds that forward went
 To seek a better life, and not to find their sins lament.

THE POET SCOUT

A COUNTRY COMRADE.

WORDS BY GEO. H. THOMAS, POET. AND THE WOODS FARM, CO.

Hello! wife, how do you do? I'm back again, ~~your~~ ~~your~~
An' jest as plumb played out an' died as ever. ~~My~~ ~~my~~
I'm gittin' jest a trifle old for such a trip, I guess.
But then I'm more than half a century old, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
I seed the Fair in all its glory, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
That all the wonders that the world has ever seen, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
From morn' till night, an' from the dawn 'til dawn, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
An' in the evenin's shadow, ~~my~~ ~~my~~

Chicago's quite a beaut, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
An' roamin' up an' down the city, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
For every farnal sight, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
Placed in the 'leopard's' ~~my~~ ~~my~~
I never struck the ~~my~~ ~~my~~
Till somethin' artered ~~my~~ ~~my~~
Seemed jest like two ~~my~~ ~~my~~
A sort o' hurtin' of ~~my~~ ~~my~~

I got blamed close to ~~my~~ ~~my~~
You couldn't guess what it was, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
The Ferris wheel? nor rode it, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
'T'd scarcely make a ~~my~~ ~~my~~
No, nor it wasn't a ~~my~~ ~~my~~
The latter has indeed ~~my~~ ~~my~~
Don't chafe you brain, a guess, ~~my~~ ~~my~~
An' I will tell you how ~~my~~ ~~my~~

While a takin' in the ~~my~~ ~~my~~
I come across a ~~my~~ ~~my~~
One end was anchored ~~my~~ ~~my~~
It seemed to be a pillar ~~my~~ ~~my~~
I had this button on ~~my~~ ~~my~~
A lookin' upward ~~my~~ ~~my~~
A well-dressed fellow ~~my~~ ~~my~~
An' said "Ol' comrade, ~~my~~ ~~my~~

It sort o' seemed remark' ~~my~~ ~~my~~
Dressed up jest like a ~~my~~ ~~my~~
But when I looked ~~my~~ ~~my~~
I knowed ol' war ~~my~~ ~~my~~

THE POET SCOUT



LABOR'S MEMORIAL NIGHT

To THE HEAVENS, BY THE

BURIAL, MONTANA, DECEMBER 1906

O, manly men and women true,
 Dame Fortune has been kind,
 Your Miners' Union, stronger far
 Than "Baer" and all his dogs of war,
 Demands and gets on honest men,
 Has wealth to spare on every one,
 And while I make this plea for you,
 O, manly men and women true,
 Deny me not, come out to me,
 And let me look on faces bright

Aglow with God's best gift of love,
 Sweet Charity, the love of God,
 No honest cause may ask for more,
 Then come, his shining gift to me,
 And while you link arms, let me say,
 My wild guesses I shall not regret,
 And I can tell your souls are free,
 Just for tonight, once more at least,
 Back to our Schuykill, our "Gull's"
 I find beneath God's sparkling floor,
 My brothers crushed by selfish greed,
 My sisters begging for a crust.

From you whose rights have lately lost
 From you, O, brothers mine, I borrow
 You will respond, oh, yes, I know,
 For you must feel this tender glow
 Of sympathy that lights my soul,
 That makes the tear drops start to fall
 Adown my cheeks, ab, or, if I
 Could only do, I'd gladly die,
 If, dying, I could proudly say
 All tyranny has passed away.

AN ATTRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP.

The following letters were presented to me by the author, Mr. Jack Crawford, of the New Era, and had been seen and approved by the editor of the New Era, Mr. J. H. Crawford, of the New Era, on September 10, 1900, and the subject of the letter, Mr. J. H. Crawford, of the La Fayette, N. Y., and the author, Mr. J. H. Crawford, of the La Fayette, N. Y.

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A WESTERN MINER'S STORY.

No, no, I'm obleeged to you, Colonel. I'm
 obleeged, but I beg to decline—
 I'll take a cigar to be social, but none o' that
 whiskey in mine.
 I used to drink just as you say, sir. You're
 worth in the millions, I'm told.
 But I wouldn't taste one drop o' liquor fur
 fifty times all o' your gold.
 Well, Colonel, I'll tell ye the story. Thar's
 a angel o' mine up in Heaven,
 The Lord come an' tuk her away, sir, when
 she was jest turnin' o' seven;
 Death's hand couldn't brush from her feat-
 ures the sweet smile o' pleasure they
 wore,
 Fur my last words to her war' a promise
 that I wouldn't drink any more.
 I'll tell you just how it come 'round, sir, if
 you got inclination to hear.
 An' as thar's no one 'yar to listen, I guess
 the barkeeper won't keer.
 As you said w'en you axed me to join you,
 I used to drink lots o' the stuff—
 That drink you've got poured in your tum-
 bler 'd scarcely afford me a snuff.
 Don't see how I ever begun it, fur my home
 never echoed a sigh.
 My wife war' a sunshiny creature an' as
 nice as the angels or high.
 An' w'en it, in the goodness o' Heaven, a baby
 come into our love,
 Thar' was a twee nappier people this side
 o' the kingdom above.
 How I labored an' toiled fur my dear ones,
 'way down in the depths o' the mine,
 Fur my heart 'd't their pure love a-clingin'
 as the oak feels the beautiful vine;
 An' the sound o' my pick war' sweet music,
 as it stabbed in the breast o' the ore,
 Fur I knowed then as long as I swung it, the
 wolf 'd keer away from our door.
 W'at a joy to go home in the evenin', fur
 thar was my little wife, Kate,
 A-wantin' to bid me a welcome with a smile
 an' a kiss at the gate.
 An' the baby a-crowin' an' jumpin', its eyes
 jest a dancin' with glee.
 I smed o'll she co'd I do fur to hold it, 'twar'
 so anxious to git holt o' me.

✓ want to say this to you, Colonel, it's a
 sort o' bright spot in my mind,
 I never raised hand to my Katie, nor spoke
 to her harsh or unkind,
 An' Midgee, our little girl baby, war' always
 a treasure to me—
 She never shrank from me nor feared me,
 no matter how drunk I might be,
 I somehow jess seemed to neglect 'em, an'
 didn't peevle fur 'em nigh,
 But spent all my time in the rumshops car-
 rousin' by day an' by night,
 An' I felt not a sting in my conscience w'en
 the fact found a place in my head
 That Katie war' takin' in washin' an' sewin'
 to keep us in bread.

You've heard o' it, old pat, true sayin' that
 the gloom o' part o' the night
 Is just the action o' the breakin' o' day with
 its heavenly light.
 An' thus how it happened to me, sir, fur
 the dawnin' o' reason's clear day
 in a cloud o' death war' enveloped—
 an' mine war' taken away.
 I was in the rumshop as usual, an'
 muddled ~~in~~ ^{up} along
 o' the liquor o' the mornin', as-
 sing, singin' a song.
 When, jess as I was, it surprised me
 a light o' the day to see,
 Enterin' the door, an' old habit o' settin'
 me down.

I saw a shadow o' death upon me that
 I never saw before, it wasn't right,
 an' when I saw the shadow come to me
 I was all at a loss o' light,
 An' when I saw the shadow I hurried, an'
 down I fell an' seemed to fall.
 All I saw was a shadow hung above me as
 death o' the door o' pall.
 An' when I rose, the doorway I entered,
 an' saw Katie's white, deathly check,
 an' saw how her grief war' so heavy that
 she couldn't nigh could she speak,
 An' saw the pale face o' our baby to her
 comfort, an' east closely held,
 it sobered me up just as quickly as a cloud
 by the word is dispelled.

THE POET SCOUT

I saw by the sweet baby features that she
 war' encompassed by death;
 My heart seemed to cease its pulsations as I
 noted her quick, painful breath,
 An' w'en in my own arms I took her, my
 lips with keen agony dumb,
 She smiled as she wearily murmured: "Oh,
 papa, I'm glad you have come;
 I'm going up yonder to Heaven, to live in
 the beautiful sky
 An' I was so 'fraid God 'd take me before I
 could kiss you good-by;
 I prayed, oh, so hard, for your coming, for
 I wanted to tell you I'd wait,
 With a hug an' a whole lot o' kisses, for you
 an' mamma at the gate.

"You'll be good, won't you, papa, an' meet
 me with the old smile your face used
 to wear?"

I know, oh, so sure, you'll come to me, fur
 mamma says God answers prayer;
 An' she prays every night that the Saviour
 'll love you an' make you just like
 The papa that used to come to us before
 the great, terrible strike.
 An' I know that He will if you'll let Him,
 fur mamma taught me to pray too,
 An' I knelt by her side every evenin' an'
 whispered to God about you,
 An' told Him how much we both loved
 you, in spite o' that terrible drink;
 You could never get had enough, papa, but
 what we would love you, I think.

"An' so, when you come, you will find me
 right near the gate waiting for you—
 But you mustn't be drinking, dear papa, fur
 they won't let you in if you do—
 Just come like you used to come to us, with
 the same lovely smile on your face.
 An' I'll be just the happiest angel in all o'
 that beautiful place."

I pressed her close up to me, Colonel, an'
 thar', as she hung on death's brink.
 I promised both her an' my Katie I'd taken
 my very last drink;

An' a smile like the radiance o' Heaven the
 pain on her face seemed to hide,
 An' that smile was yet there in its beauty
 an' heavenly light w en she died.

An' that's how it all come around, sir, an'
 that's why I answered so bold
 That I wouldn't taste one drop o' liquor tho'
 I'm taking bichloride of gold.
 Take your drink, now, fur I must be goin',
 fur I know that my bonnie wee Kate
 Has our supper all hot an' is waitin' with a
 welcomin' smile at the gate.

* * * * *

The Colonel was deeply affected, his emo-
 tion he scarce could command,
 And his eyes seemed to sparkle with mois-
 ture as he reached for the miner's rough
 hand;
 Then he looked at his glass for a moment,
 and said to the man at the bar:
 "It's too hot to-day to drink whiskey; just
 hand me a medium cigar."

DOT LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY VAT DIED.

An old German Cobbler in the coal fields griev-
 ing over the death of a little orphan cripple
 boy to whom he became very much attached.

I dond vas feelin' good von bit,
 A great big lump vas in my neck,
 Und ven I try to svaller it,
 It seems yust like my heart would break;
 Sometimes my eyes vas like a spoud
 Mit tears I somchow dond could hide,
 Und I yust sit and fret aboud
 Dot little cripple boy vat died.

He used to come my shoeshop in
 Und vatch me ven I drive dem pegs.
 Und it yust make my heart ache ven
 I sec dem little crippled legs.
 But he vas always schmilin' mit
 Dem big blue eyes so open vide,
 Und nefer mind dot pain von bit,
 Dot little cripple boy vat died

THE POET SCOUT

I tol' 'im Deutschland stories, und
 He laugh yust like dem angel dings
 Vat mit der picture books go 'round
 Up yonder mit der schnow vite wings;
 Und now my eyes vas all in schwim
 Mit tear-drops dot I dond could hide,
 Because I got some love mit him,
 Dot little crippled boy vat died.

Some day he dond vould come, und den
 I feel all ofer black mit blue.
 Und sighs vould shake my bosom ven
 I tried to cobble mit a shoe.
 Den I vould go out by my door
 Und look about mit efery side,
 My old heart yust was achin' for
 Dot little crippled boy vot died.

Vun time he dond vas come for more
 As most a veek—I dond know vy—
 Und von day standin' mit my door
 I see some funerals go by.
 I ask von little boothblack who
 In dot vite hearse vas took a ride;
 Und he say, "Dutchy, dond you know
 Dot little cripple boy vas died?"
 It feeled yust like my heart vas sick,
 Und nefer vant to beat some more,
 I glose my shop up pooty quick,
 Und hang some black stuff mit der door.
 Und den I tink "Some day I go
 Mit angels by dot udder side,
 Und how den vas I goin' to know
 Dot little crippled boy vot died?"

Dose little legs vill all be straight
 In dot bright land so far away,
 Und ven I go in by der gate,
 Vere all der little angels blay,
 I vonder if I find him oud.
 Maybe he run away und hide;
 Vell I dond tink I shtay midoud
 Dot little cripple boy vot died.
 CAPT. JACK IN *London Tid-Bits*.

JIM BILL REYNOLDS'S CHOSEN BOY.

We all looked down on the little cuss
 When he came to school with the rest of his
 Last summer he had adopted boy,
 From among the boys in the lot,
 He had chosen a little starve-bellied
 Boy of poor parents, both dead and dis-
 owned, and was his, he said to me,
 When I saw him in my boy's clothes.

He had been named "Chosen Boy,"
 Or, at least, that was what they called him,
 And he was a little fellow,
 With a head as big as a watermelon,
 And a body as thin as a needle,
 And a face as white as a sheet,
 And a pair of eyes as blue as the sky,
 And a pair of legs as long as a pole.

He was a little fellow,
 With a head as big as a watermelon,
 And a body as thin as a needle,
 And a face as white as a sheet,
 And a pair of eyes as blue as the sky,
 And a pair of legs as long as a pole,
 And a pair of arms as long as a pole,
 And a pair of feet as long as a pole.

And he was a little fellow,
 With a head as big as a watermelon,
 And a body as thin as a needle,
 And a face as white as a sheet,
 And a pair of eyes as blue as the sky,
 And a pair of legs as long as a pole,
 And a pair of arms as long as a pole,
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 And a body as thin as a needle,
 And a face as white as a sheet,
 And a pair of eyes as blue as the sky,
 And a pair of legs as long as a pole,
 And a pair of arms as long as a pole,
 And a pair of feet as long as a pole.

THE POET SCOUT

It sorter surprised us w'en some one read
 A piece in the city paper 'at said
 That Honer'ble Senator Blake had set
 On him fur a West Point school cadet.
 Ol' Bill moved East, an' we never heard
 Mongst all us boys not another word,
 'Till the big Secession war 'd begun,
 Of Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

Most of us ol' school fellers went
 At the fust break-out o' the 'devilment,
 An' I reckon thar' wasn't a wilder cuss
 Than me in that hull rebellion muss.
 Dissipatin' an' playin' cards,
 The scum o' the rigiment fur my pards—
 Never stopped fur a breathin' spell
 In my reckless run fur the gates o' hell !

* * * * *

It seems like a nightmare, lookin' back—
 A gamblin' quarrel—a pistol's crack—
 A schoolboy comrade by my hand slain—
 A hand impelled by a rum-crazed brain.
 The dread court-martial, my quick-drawn
 breath.

As I heard the words, "To be shot to
 death !"

The nameless terror that clung to me
 As I peered o'er the brink of eternity !

My mother came, with her pale, sad face,
 From our village home to my prison
 place—

Came with the old-time, glad voice hushed—
 Came with a heart my hand had crushed,
 Kissed and embraced me as of yore,
 Called me her darling o'er and o'er,
 Humbly knelt by my side and prayed
 That the stern hand of justice might be
 stayed.

Her face reflected her heart's keen pains
 As she heard the ring o' my clankin' chains ;
 Eyes that beamed love in the bygone years
 Were dulled with sorrow's most bitter tears.
 Her hand on my burnin' head she laid,
 An' bade me pray as I never prayed,
 As for me with trembling steps she went
 With one last hope to the General's tent.

The ensuin' hour seemed a year to me,
 As I waited thar' in my misery.
 The sentry with sympathetic face
 Marched to and fro with a funeral pace.
 O'er the face o' the sun thar' crept a cloud,
 Filmy an' white as a coffin shroud.
 An' a raven on distant wooded slope
 Seemed to croak the warnin' : " No hope e
 No hope ! "

Down through the aisles o' the tented camp
 Came a score of guards with a tramp, tramp,
 tramp,
 Hitherward I marched 'mid the glistenin'
 glistenin'
 Troop—mostly by Union's blue-clad sons,
 Marched to headquarters an' stood before
 The great commander, whose broad brow
 brow
 And the gleam o' his skill had won
 O'er a dozen fields 'neath the Southern sun.

My heart's in a whirl ! The events now
 now
 Seem but memories of a dream :
 The mother's face, mother, sad but sweet,
 As if I could see that the General's feet
 Had trod the General's comely grace,
 As he looked on eyes to my pallid face—
 " O, O, my boy, your prayers have won :
 You are pardoned by Reynolds's 'dopted
 dopted

A TOAST TO EVA

BEFORE SAILING FOR EUROPE.

I fill my glass to one fair lass,
 A sweetheart—not of mine;
 A budding rose whose sweets disclose
 The fruit of God's sunshine;
 A heart all bent on merriment,
 A soul without disguise;
 A prairie flower with magic power
 That sparkles in her eyes.



THE
 CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S DAUGHTER.

I fill my glass to one fair lass,
 As dear as life to me;
 I've heard her sing with birds of spring,
 I've danced her on my knee;
 I've watched her grow with soul aglow,
 The sunshine in her hair;
 Though wild and free, I know that she
 Remembers me in prayer.

I fill my glass to one fair lass—
 Though miles and miles apart,
 Her echoing voice makes me rejoice,
 And deep within my heart
 The music strings, which memory brings
 To strike those chords divine.
 Will sing and play when far away
 Those songs of "Auld lang syne."

I'll mix glass, my dear, sweet lass,
 With God's and woman's drink,
 And fling to you, his daughter true,
 This bouquet while I think:
 So here's your health, with all the wealth
 Of love God gave to me;
 And may He smile on you the while
 I sail across the sea.

ON YOUR LIFE

There's a halo in the sunset's softened glow;
 There's a rainbow in the valley down below;
 There's a music in the rippling
 Of the crystal waters, rippling
 Over rugged rocks a-singing, as they flow
 To the ocean, where the winds of summer blow.

There is laughter in the waters of the hills
 Where the song-birds pipe the tempo of the rills,
 There's a tender, soft caressing,
 And the incense of a blessing,
 In the sights and sounds where nature's bosom thrills,
 Where peace and sweet content each songster trills.

And now to ride Pegasus down to earth
 And ease him with a loosening of the girth;
 Has your thrifty old physician
 Given you the sweet volition
 To stay and die, or seek another berth
 Prescribed for you, in short, a mountain hearth?

Have you worked until your soul and body ache?
 Have you worried heart and head for duty's sake?
 Then take a short vacation
 And the world of recreation
 You are sure to find, beside some gleaming lake
 'Mid the mountains, where the songs the echoes wake.

THE POET SCOUT

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

A MEMORIAL DAY HYMN.

Sleep, soldier, sleep ! Thy warfare is o'er,
 War's dread alarms shall wake thee no
 more ;

Sleep, calmly sleep, 'neath the flowery sod,
 Waiting the reveille sounded from God.

Over thy resting-place bright flowers we
 twine,

Gratitude's emblems on loyalty's shrine ;

Fruits of thy valor we gratefully reap :

Union and Liberty, sleep, sleep, sleep !

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of Spring

Loving hands hither bring,

Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep.

Under the grassy sod,

Waiting the call from God,

Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep,
 sleep.

Rest, soldier, rest ! Thy peace thou hast
 earned

On the red fields where the battle fires
 burned.

Rest, sweetly rest, for a-weary wert thou

Winning the laurels which circled thy brow.

Soon will the trumpeteer wake thee again.

Sounding "Assembly" on heaven's bright
 plain :

There with thy comrades in realms of the
 blest.

Through all eternity, rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of Spring

Loving hands hither bring.

Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep.

Under the grassy sod.

Waiting the call from God,

Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep,
 sleep.

TO MY WINCHESTER



"SWEETHEART OF MINE."

Sweetheart of mine,

For years thy loyalty has proven true
As is the steel of which thou art created:
There are no fickle vanities in you.

Thy constancy might well be emulated
By beauteous sweetheart of a softer mold.

Whose eyes gleam love on every new
adorer,

Who bends the pliant knee to god of gold
And blesses every knight who bows
before her

At Cupid's shrine.

My pretty pard,

As loyal helpmate thou hast ever stood
Facing with me the dangers placed be-
fore us,

Faithful 'mid trying scenes of war and blood
As when the skies of peace shone
clearly o'er us,

'Mid all the trying hours of olden days,
When peril threatened, thou hast never
failed me—

Loyal wert thou in many deadly trays,
When painted foemen wickedly assailed
me,

And pressed me hard.

THE POET SCOUT

Thou art not sweet
 In disposition unto all, my dear ;
 To some thou art most spiteful in thine
 anger—
 Many have quailed in abject fright to hear
 Thy ringing tones in war's resounding
 clangor.
 Although thy face may gleam with polished
 smiles,
 Thou art a spitfire when the scene is
 fitting,
 And gone are all thy sweet coquettish wiles
 When foes with mine their battle powers
 are pitting
 In war's mad heat.
 I love thee, dear,
 And love of loyal man was never placed
 Upon a more deserving, true companion,
 In western wanderings, when peril faced
 Our daily life, on plain, in gloomy
 canyon.
 My trust in thee has never been betrayed.
 True as thy tempered steel I've always
 found thee,
 In scenes of danger I was not afraid
 Though savage foemen lurked in rocks
 around me,
 For thou wert near.
 Come, dear one, fling
 Thy moody silence off, and lift thy voice
 In song as in the days now gone
 forever:
 For all the dangers past let us rejoice,
 I'll beat the time with thy quick-acting
 lever.
 Sing in thy wildest tones, let not a note
 Be soft as note from tender woman,
 Sing as thou didst when from thy fiery
 throat
 We hurled defiance at a foe inhuman.
 Sing, sweetheart, sing.

The Moon
on earth,
than 75 %
For rapid

arm
are
-ter.

to the

and do, Gen-

He accepted
He said, and
said, "But I
are of my
and"

and Crawford saw
He had made a mis-
He made the
the situation,
and

"Your father was a volunteer. Were you
in the volunteer?"

THE POET SCOUT

"Yes. I served in the Ninth Army Corps, in the Army of the Potomac."

"Were you in front of Petersburg during the siege?"

"Yes. I was in command of Fort Hell."

"Do you remember just after the charge on Fort Malnoe on the second day of April, while riding to the front you met two soldiers carrying a bit of a boy on a stretcher, and—"

"And," interrupted the military gentleman, "a shell tried to bury us somewhat prematurely by casting a lot of the sacred soil of Virginia over us? Yes, I remember it well."

"Well," exclaimed the poet scout, with a tone of joy in his voice, "I am that same boy, sir, and your face has been pictured in my mind ever since that day."

"Good God, can it be possible?"

The next moment the elder man threw his arms around the speaker, and a suspicious moisture filled the eyes of both.

The military gentleman proved to be Colonel Albert A. Pope, renowned for his valor as a soldier, as well as being the manufacturer of the Columbia bicycle.

Some years later, while Captain Crawford was in Boston, he became a guest of Colonel Pope in his beautiful home on Commonwealth Avenue. One day, Colonel Pope asked the poet scout to write something which he could read at a reception to be given by the Bicycle Club, at which Tom Stevens, the famous bicyclist, who made a tour of the world on his wheel, was to be present.

"Write something about a bicycle, Crawford," said Colonel Pope.

"Why, Colonel," replied Captain Jack, "I know nothing of those crooked tail affairs." (The large wheels only were then in use.) "Now, if a broncho were given me, I might squeeze some inspiration from it, for that is a critter I am familiar with."

"Write something about a broncho—and a bicycle, then. The broncho inspiration may cover both steeds."

Captain Jack forthwith prepared a poem, "Broncho vs. Bicycle," and read it at the dinner, to the intense amusement of every one present, especially Tom Stevens and Colonel Pope. The poem which is here given, tells the story in the vernacular of the rough cowboy of the Southwest. The last verse has just been added [THE EDITOR]—*Western Magazine*.

The first we saw of the high-tone tramp
 War over thar' at our Pecos camp:
 He war comin' down the Santa Fé trail
 Astride of a wheel with a crooked tail,
 A-skinnin' along with a merry song,
 An' ringin' a little warnin' gong.
 He looked so outlandish, strange and queer
 That all of us grinned from ear to ear,
 An' every boy on the round-up swore
 He had never seed sich a hoss afore.

Wal, up he rode, with a sunshine smile;
 A-smokin' a cigarette, an' I'll
 Be kicked in the neck if I ever seen
 Sich a saddle as that on his queer ma-
 chine.

Why, it made us laugh, for it wasn't half
 Big enough for the back of a suckin' calf.
 He tuk our fun in a keerless way,
 A-venturin' only once to say
 Thar wasn't a broncho about the place
 Could down that wheel in a ten-mile race.

I'd a lighntnin' broncho out in the herd
 That could split the air like a flyin' bird,
 An' I hinted round in an off-hand way
 That, pervidin' the enterprise 'd pay,
 I thought as I might jest happen to light
 On a hoss that 'd leave 'im out o' sight.
 In less'n a second we seed 'im yank
 A roll o' greenbacks out of his flank.
 An' he said, if we wanted to bet, to name
 The limit, an' he would tackle the game.

Just a week afore we had all been down
 On a jamboree to the nearest town,
 An' the whiskey joints, an' the fero games,
 An' shakin' our hoofs wi' the dance-house
 dames
 Made a wholesale bust; an', paid, I'll be
 cussed
 If a man in the outfit had any dust;
 An' so I explained, but the youth replied
 That he'd lay the money matter aside.

An' to show that his back didn't grow no
 moss,
 He'd bet his machine agin my hoss.
 I tuk him up, and the bet war closed,
 An' me a-chucklin', fur I supposed
 I war playin' in dead sure winnin' luck,
 In the softest snap I had ever struck;
 An' the boys chipped in with a knowin'
 grin,
 For they thought the fool had no chance to
 win.

An' so we agreed fur to run that day
 To the Navajo Crossin' ten miles away—
 As han'some a track as ever you seed
 For testin' a hoss's purtiest speed.
 Apache Johnson and Texas Ned
 Saddled their horses and rode ahead
 To station themselves ten miles away,
 To act as judges and see fair play,
 While Mexican Bart and Big Jim Hart
 Stayed back for to give us an even start.

I got aboard of my broncho bird,
 An' we came to the scratch an' got the
 word.
 An' I laughed till my mouth spread from
 ear to ear
 To see that tenderfoot drop to the rear.

The first three miles slipped away first-rate,
 Then broncho began fur to lose his gait;
 But I wa'n't oneasy, an' didn't mind,
 With tenderfoot more'n a mile behind.
 So I jogged along, with a cowboy song,
 Till all of a sudden I heard that gong
 A-ringin' a warnin' in my ear,
 Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting! too infernal near,
 An' lookin' back'ards I seed the chump
 Of a tenderfoot gainin' every jump.

I hit ol' broncho a cut wi' the quirt,
 An' once more got him to scratchin' dirt,
 But his wind seemed weak, an' I tell you,
 boss.

I seed that he wasn't no ten-mile hoss.
 Still the plucky brute took another shoot.
 An' pulled away from the wheel galoot.
 But the animal couldn't hold his gait.
 An' somehow the idee entered my pate
 That if tenderfoot's legs didn't lose their
 grip.

He'd own that hoss at the end o' the trip.

Closer and closer come tenderfoot,
 An' harder the whip to the hoss I put;
 But the Eastern cuss, with a smile on his
 face,

Ran up to my side with his easy pace—
 Rode up to my side, an', durn his hide,
 Remarked 'twas a pleasant day fur a ride;
 Then axed, onconsarned, if I had a match,
 An' on his breeches give it a scratch,
 Lit a cigarette, said he wished me good day,
 An', as fresh as a daisy, scooted away.

Ahead he went—that internal gong
 A-ringin' "good-by" as he flew along;
An' the smoke of his cigarette came back
Like a vapory snicker along the track.
 On an' on he sped, gettin' further ahead,
 His feet keepin' up that onceasable tread,
 Till he faded away in the distance; an'
 when

I seed the condemned Eastern rooster again,
 He war thar with the boys at the end of the
 race,
 That same keerless, unconcerned smile on
 his face.

Now, pard, w'en a cowboy gits beat he
 don't sw'ar,
 Nor kick, if the beatin' are done on the
 suar';
 So I tuk that Easterner right by the hand,
 An' told him that broncho awaited his
 brand.
 Then I asked 'im his name, and whar from
 he came,
 And how long he'd practised the wheel-
 rollin' game.
 Tom Stevens, he said, war his name, an'
 he come
 From a town they call Bosting, in ol' Yan-
 keedom;
 Then he jist paralyzed us by sayin' he'd
 whirled
 That very identical wheel round the world.

Wal, pard, thar's the story o' how that
 smart chap
 Done me up, w'en I thought I had sich a
 soft snap;
 Done me up on a race with remarkable
 ease,

An' lowered my pride a good many degrees.
 Did I give 'im the hoss? W'y, of course I
 did, boss.
 An' I'll tell you it wa'n't no diminutive loss.
 He writ me a letter from back in the East,
 An' said he'd presented the neat, little beast
 To a feller named Pope, who stands at the
 head
 O' the ranch whar the cussed wheel horses
 ar' bred.

THE POET SCOUT

I've had other letters a-sayin' as how
 Them crooked-tail wheels isn't in it, fur
 now
 They're makin' a new-fangled sort of affair
 With big rubber tires stuffed with nothing
 but air—
 "Noomatics" they say is their name, an'
 they lay

Them high-up giraffe machines out o' the
 way;
 An' as fur their speed, so the Stevens man
 writ,
 "A streak o' greased lightnin' ain't in it a
 bit."
 Thar's nothin', I'm thinkin', kin foller them
 things
 In the way of surprisin' inventions but
 wings.



TIME IS CHAINLESS. MARK THE CHANGE.

—J. W. C.

When it is considered that *five* magazines have published this poem—*The Bicycle World* published it twice, *The L. A. W. Bulletin* gave it two pages, and over 100 other publications have printed it—it will readily be seen that it never was intended for an ad. for COL. POPE or his COLUMBIA. Nor have I ever received a penny for it. No man could sit down and grind out an ad. of this character. I use it in this souvenir because of the great demand for copies of it and because it is good stuff. If it pleases you and my friend, the Colonel, so much the better.—CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

I PIN MY LOVE TO AUTUMN

Poets sing about the seasons in the stickiest
 sort o' rhymes,
 An' on the bells of fancy ring a myriad o'
 chimes,
 An' call upon the Muses fur to send in-
 spirin' thoughts
 To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the
 course he trots,
 But I don't do it that a-way; I jest take up
 the pen,
 An' squat myself fur business sort of easy
 like, an' when
 The thoughts come softly oozing from the
 fountains o' my brain,
 I start 'em coursing o'er the sheet and give
 'em easy rein,
 An' that's just how I'm doin' this calm
 September day,
 When the brightness o' the Summer has
 begun to pass away,
 When the leaves are slowly changin' to the
 richest sort o' brown,
 Puttin' off their Summer dresses fur the
 sober Autumn gown,
 An' the Bob White pipes its music in the
 woods an' in the fields,
 An' the ever-faithful orchard all its richest
 bounty yields,
 Other seasons offer beauties worthy of a
 poet's rhyme,
 But I pin my love to Autumn an' her rich-
 ness, every time,
 Then the harvestin' is over an' the mows
 are stuffed with hay,
 An' amid the golden tassels o' the corn the
 breezes play,
 An' the hungry-throated thresher swallows
 down its golden food,
 Hummin' notes o' thankful music to the
 Giver of All Good,
 'Tis the season o' festivity, when fun an' joy
 an' mirth
 Dodges in an' takes possession o' the rural
 part of earth,
 An' the silvery bells o' pleasure ring their
 gladdest, merriest chime,—
 So I pin my best affection to the Autumn,
 every time.

THE POET SCOUT

Then the wimmin git together 'round the
 cherished quiltin' frame,—
 Laughing-eyed an' merry maiden, motherly
 an' sober dame,—
 An' they stitch an' stitch unceasin', tongues
 with needles keepin' time,
 Chattin' socially or singin' meetin' hymns in
 rural rhyme;
 Then when the golden sunset marks the
 closin' o' the day,
 And the chiny supper dishes are all washed
 an' put away,
 Then the men folks come a-troopin', dressed
 up in their Sunday clothes,
 Fur the kissin' party pleasures none but
 country people knows.

Rosy cheeks grow still more rosy, brighter
 grow the laughin' eyes,
 As the merry youths an' maidens snatch at
 pleasure as she flies,
 An' the peals o' joyous laughter tremble on
 the atmosphere
 When some awkward boy is told to kiss
 the maid he loves most dear;
 An' bunched in groups the old folks sit and
 ply the busy tongue,
 Fur the plays bring recollections o' the days
 when they were young;
 An' near the merry players in some quiet,
 cosy spot,
 Cupid lurks within the shadders, waitin' fur
 to git a shot.

Poets sing about the seasons in the slickest
 sort o' rhymes,
 An' on the bells o' fancy ring a myriad o'
 chimes,
 An' call upon the Muses fur to send in-
 spirin' thoughts
 To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the
 course he trots.
 But I don't never lack for inspiration when
 I sing
 About the time that follers^{er} up the Summer's
 takin' wing;
 The glorious, golden Autumn, when all
 Nature is in rhyme,
 Kin ketch the bulky end of my affections,
 every time.



A POET ON A WHEEL.

Colonel Will L. Visscher, the poet-humorist of the Chicago Press Club, and Opie Read's partner on the platform, was a Union soldier in a Kentucky regiment during the war, and after the war the private secretary and amanuensis for George D. Prentiss of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Some time ago, in company with a dozen or more members of the Press Club, the Colonel visited the rink to see the Poet Scout tackle a wheel for the first time, and the following dialect verses are descriptive of what took place:

THE POET SCOUT

'Twas in Chicago's crowded streets,
Not very long ago,
And I was strolling 'long the way,
Jis' sorter lost, you know,
When who should I run up agin,
A-lookin' mighty new.
But Captain Jack an' Opie Read,
An' Stanley Waterloo,
An' Hugh Blake Williams, Henry Gay,
Paul Hull and Kirk La Shelle,
Cap. Meredith an' Charlie Banks,
Tom Nicholl an' Frizelle,



"Varn Johnson as 'Commodore,'
 'The Boss' as 'Fred Rae,'
 'The Poet' as 'The Poet,'
 'The Poet' as 'Been Away?'—
 'The Poet' as 'Dave Saseen,'
 'The Poet' as 'The Poet'.

"Varn Johnson as 'Commodore,' he said
 'The Poet' as 'Fred Rae,'

"Varn Johnson as 'Commodore,' he said
 'The Poet' as 'Fred Rae,'

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"Varn Johnson as 'Commodore,' he said
 'The Poet' as 'Fred Rae,'

"Varn Johnson as 'Commodore,' he said
 'The Poet' as 'Fred Rae,'

THE POET SCOUT

And blamed ef I warn't thinkin',
 then,
 We'd have to git a cart
 To haul that feller outen thar,
 An' lay him up awhile;
 But up Jack riz, a-limpin' like,
 An' with a sickly smile,
 He mounted on that thing agin
 An' rid it right along,
 A-keepin' up with all the gang,
 An' singin' of a song,
 Ontil he got too cute an' smart,
 An' lifted up his hat,
 To give a wild Comanche yell,
 But while a-doin' that,
 A heavy girl bore down on him
 An' raked him fore an' aft,
 An' then the gethered multitude
 Jis fell, and rolled, an' laughed.

I didn't see no mo' of Jack,
 Ontil some fellers went
 An' pulled apart the pile of truck
 In which old Jack was blent.
 An' that was skirts, an' hose, and legs,
 An' red an' grayish hair,
 An' wheels, and arms, an' sorted shoes—
 "Sweet Maiden, hear my prayer!"
 But that was 'bout the blamedest mix
 My eyes have ever saw;
 But Jack, he even riz from that,
 Without a scratch or flaw.

But he was winded—tell you now—
 An' then we left the place.
 The fellers all a-hollerin'
 Like sin for savin' grace:
 But Jack, he 'lows he's got the wheel
 Down to the nicest p'int,
 An' gwine to ride one, ef it takes
 A leg off at the j'int.
 And now you d'otter see him scorch,
 Columbia's flag unfurled,
 Old Glory floating in the breeze,
 The standard of the world.

YOU ARE WANTED AT HOME

SONG AND CHORUS

Written in San Francisco while waiting the arrival of General Grant from his tour around the world, and afterward sung to the General by the California Quartette.

You are wanted at home gallant chieftain,
 We are watching and waiting for thee,
 We are waiting to give you a greeting,
 A welcome from over the sea —
 A welcome as soldiers can give it,
 Who marched with you back to the dome,
 We will show you, our noble commander,
 How much you are wanted at home.

Chorus

You are wanted at home, yes, we want you,
 For you were our bright guiding star,
 You would guide us aright in our duty
 In peace, as you led us in war.

You are wanted at home—do you wonder
 That comrades all shout with delight?
 It is love for our gallant commander
 Who led us in many a fight.
 It is you who can best understand us,
 Our chieftain from over the foam.
 And now you are here we will tell you
 The why she is wanted at home.

Chorus

You are wanted at home—'tis the Union,
 The land and the home of the brave,
 The land of our star-spangled banner,
 Where man nevermore can be slave.
 You are wanted by hearts true and loyal,
 Who love you, where ever you roam,
 And you will be happy returning,
 Because there is no place like home.

Chorus

THE POET SCOUT

YOUTH

There is like gold in glutches,
 oft buried deep under the sod,
 While often the ten-foot searchers,
 Digging in face of the clod
 Their eyes find on the surface,
 But if you could find richer stock,
 Go down where large nuggets are buried
 And you will find bed-rock.

Many people examine the surface,
 And find nothing there or within;
 But the one who is sleek as a beaver,
 Goes deeper and deeper in sin.
 Heedless of once in once contradictions
 And the pains of pining in sorrow;
 Tomorrow may seem quite angelic
 As evil may be looked on tomorrow.

There is gold scattered and buried,
 In the face of the gold in glen;
 It is all down from these nuggets
 Taken by you and honest men.
 The gold is rare and unvarnished
 And the search of the wise
 Makes it with nuggets and diamonds
 One which is by far the best prize.

There is gold in a million
 Of the world's gold mine to dig,
 But the gold is all for a lifetime
 And the gold is all for a lifetime.
 The gold is all for a lifetime
 And the gold is all for a lifetime.
 The gold is all for a lifetime
 And the gold is all for a lifetime.

"THE SUNSHINE STATE"

When Governor Prince was asked if New Mexico had a pet name he replied that it had not, but that when the crown of statehood was placed upon the brow of the fair territory he could think of no appellation more appropriate than "The Sunshine State." This name at once became popular with the people of the Territory, and at the christening of the new state it will no doubt be conferred upon it.

From the Raton mountains on the north to the Texas line on the south, and from the eastern to the western boundaries of New Mexico, every city, town, village and ranch is a health resort. Especially is this true in lung troubles, the pure, dry atmosphere exerting its healing influence like magic on all pulmonary diseases. In all parts of the Territory can be found men who went there but living skeletons awaiting the summons from death, but who are now strong, robust men in the full enjoyment of magnificent health. In that unsurpassed climate the flush of health was quickly wooed back to their pale, emaciated faces, and the old time strength renewed its reign in their shrunken limbs. The day is not far distant when new Mexico will be the great Mecca for consumptives, for no climate on the face of the broad earth is so effective for the cure of pulmonary diseases.

Not only as a health but as a pleasure resort is New Mexico destined to become famous. The days are but seldom uncomfortably hot and the nights are delightfully cool—so cool that in midsummer a heavy blanket is required for the comfort of the sleeper. The great diversity of scenery, mountain and plain, valley and rolling prairie, deep, picturesque, canons and dashing mountain streams of crystalline beauty, alive with trout, make it the most beautiful and attractive land for the pleasure seeker along the whole southwestern border. The severity of a northern winter is never known in that land of perpetual sunshine, and, excepting in the higher mountain localities, snow is rarely seen.

I cannot here give space to deservedly mention its farming, gardening and fruit growing industries. There are no crop failures, for irrigation is yet required, and water is run upon the growing crops whenever necessary. As has been the case in all newly settled localities rains are becoming more frequent, and irrigation ditches will ere long only be necessary in cases of drouth.

Deer, bear, elk, mountain sheep, antelope and other species of large game can be found in abundance, and jack and cottontail rabbits, turkey, grouse, quail, ducks, geese, etc., are found in almost every locality. It is indeed a sportsmen's paradise.

My home has been in that sunny land for twenty-three years, and there I expect to remain until called to the only land which can surpass it in loveliness.

The land beyond the dark and rolling river,

Where faithful ones like you and I will cluster,

In rapturous joy forever and farever--

Provided we can pass the final muster,

And in order to reach there take it take

THE GREAT SANTA FEE ROUTE

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For literature and unpeachable statistics.

Yours in Clouds or Sunshine,

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

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